

THE OLD YEAR.

BY REV. C. S. HARRINGTON, D. D.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."
PSALM 90:5.
Midnight's one circle more complete
Coursed by the spheres with viewless feet;
Lost as the pearl on ocean thrown,
Or diamonds on the desert strewn.

As the watcher on the shore,
And sees the bending willows o'er
His ship, rich freighted, slowly sink
Where skies stoop down to ocean's brink;
So backward o'er the trackless sea
Where time sinks in eternity,
I gaze and gaze with yearning heart
At all its treasured joys depart.

O swift-winged vessel of the year!
Thou hast many a hope and fear,
And golden chalice burning bright
With pleasures pure, and calm delight;
And high resolves that breathed and died,
And heart-aches born of earthly pride,
And words and deeds that pity moved,
And pale, still faces that I loved;

Stores of such gifts as heaven yields,
Gathered like manna from the fields;
And burning tears, and prayers, and sighs,
The sinful heart's sweet sacrifice.

O swift-winged vessel of the year,
Sad thy fate, thy fate!
Thy count thy fading rich once more
When landed on the eternal shore.

IMMIGRATION.

BY REV. J. N. MUDGE.

For us, to whose shores the tide of immigration has flowed with such irresistible force, the question of its influence on the character of the nation is one of intense interest.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881, the total immigration to the United States was 668,000. The returns of the U. S. Bureau of Statistics for the first quarter of the present fiscal year show a marked increase of arrivals over a corresponding period of last year. Should the rate continue for the remaining quarters, it is estimated that the total immigration for the year will reach the unprecedented number of 730,000. These people are coming to us from every part of the globe, the largest contributions being from Ireland, the British Isles, exclusive of Ireland, and from Germany. The total number of immigrants that have come to this country from the year 1820 to September, 1881 (both inclusive), is 10,578,561. Included in these figures is the whole number of aliens that arrived prior to 1856. These, however, formed but a small proportion of the whole, and since that date, only immigrants proper, or those coming with the intent to permanently settle among us, are included. From 1846 until 1856 the Irish immigrants were largely in excess of those of any other nation; but since then other countries have, as a rule, taken the lead. For the last six years the British Isles, exclusive of Ireland, have furnished us more people than has Ireland. England alone, during four of these six years, has sent us more people than have come from the Emerald Island in the same time. During this same period Germany has furnished 390,000 to Ireland's 214,000; while Great Britain has sent 473,400 immigrants.

As shown by these figures, for some years past the flow of German immigration to our shores has been a marked feature, and the latest returns show that the movement still continues. The following table will show the total immigration of the Irish and Germans from 1820 to Sept. 30, 1881.

	Ireland.	Germany.
Calendar years, 1820-1879.		
Inclusive.	3,065,761	3,092,027
Jan. 1, 80, to June 30, '81.	92,286	93,980
June 30, '80, to June 30, '81.	72,336	200,500
June 30, '81, to Sept. 30, '81.	116,363	59,413
Total.	3,254,726	3,350,920

Some statistics published several years ago showed the foreign-born representatives of these two nationalities to have been distributed as follows:

Foreign born to every 1,000 inhabitants.	Irish.	German.	All others.
States.			
New England.	104	9	74
Middle.	94	73	52
Western.	27	59	58
Southern.	13	75	19

The relation of the foreign-born population of the country to the whole is as follows:

States and Territories.	Per cent of foreign born.
5	have 50 or more.
13	" 25 to 50
11	" 10 to 25
10	" 5 to 10
8	" less than 5

These foreigners have not come to us in a warlike spirit to destroy our civilization; they have come in the

spirit of peace, anxious to provide for themselves and their children the necessities of life, a home, and an equality of political rights. In this they are doing no more than did our forefathers, who in the beginning of the seventeenth century were themselves immigrants. They and their descendants, aided by the nature of the country, laid the foundation only of our nation's greatness.

Our progress in material wealth is largely due to those who have followed. We are indebted to them for the settlement and cultivation of our vast acreage of land, for the labor which enables us to start and maintain our extensive industrial establishments, and to prosecute the various forms of internal development of the country. Without their aid, and much that has been accomplished would have remained undone: while by their coming our native population has been freed from the lower grades of labor. This has enabled the latter to develop in intelligence and enterprise, and to take the lead in the professions and industrial arts and sciences. Not only has the country been able to make a rapid and material progress through immigration, but the necessity for so great an advancement has arisen through it; for the foreigners and their issue are consumers as well as producers.

In addition to the considerations already mentioned, the immigrants bring in themselves a certain intrinsic value. For years past, those coming to America have in most cases brought a small sum of money with them, and a certain value in their own skill and labor. The capitalized value of each immigrant as he lands in this country is difficult to determine, and is a matter on which statesmen and political economists cannot agree. Some excellent authorities set it as high as \$2,000 per capita, while others estimate it to be \$800. In addition, it has been calculated that the average value of property in cash, tools and clothing that is landed at the port of New York by immigrants, amounts to \$150 for every man, woman and child among them.

Among those coming to us, is a class who bring with them education, culture and skill, the money value of which cannot be even approximated. It is true their numbers are comparatively small, but we owe much to them. In the pursuits of peace or war, and in the learned professions and legislative halls, their influence has been both wide-spread and of a desirable nature.

A further illustration of the value of immigration to the country, is in the numerical strength thus attained. If in the year 1800, when our population was but a little over five millions, all immigration from that time to this had ceased, the natural increase would have been wholly inadequate to attain a tenth of our present material progress. Neither would our religious and educational interests have reached their present state of growth, notwithstanding the impetus given them by the founders of the Republic. Our strength in these matters has been developed as the muscles of the blacksmith's arm are toughened by constant use of the hammer.

The nation's virtue and integrity have been strengthened by the task imposed upon it to shape in our mould the character of the waifs cast upon our shores. At the same time that we have been benefited by the immigrants, they themselves are reaping a greater benefit. They receive the blessings of equal political rights and of religious, social and educational privileges. In addition, they, with rare exceptions, are able to obtain an abundance of employment accompanied by a comparatively high degree of respect and dignity. For this they receive wages generally sufficient to give them the substantial comforts of life. This in turn cannot fail to augment our national strength of character.

On the other hand, all these advantages to the State and individual are accompanied by dangers which must not be lost sight of. These foreigners that come to us have been educated under very different influences from those of our country. Their habits and temperaments are greatly at variance with ours and among themselves. When mixed, therefore,

with our citizens, their influence on the social character of the masses of our people becomes a matter of solicitude. Their tendency to modify our institutions and laws comes into direct conflict with our ability to assimilate them and their own power of adapting themselves to us.

Politically, they as a rule adapt themselves to our customs very readily, our form of government being much to their taste. Offsetting the value of this trait, however, is the tendency of some races to perpetuate their difference of nationality long after they have ceased to be aliens. This is partially due to natural proclivities, but largely to demagogues, who thus seek to accomplish their own ends. This has been a great evil in our political history, and is still a strong element of danger. Recent events, however, seem to indicate the beginning of a change of sentiment in this regard, which, under the influence of time, appears to be destined to develop into the American idea of individual action in politics.

[Concluded next week.]

THE NEW YEAR.

BY PROF. F. F. LOGGOTT.

Rare splendor of the morning, fall
On Time's hair softly down;
Who last night in the starry hall
Of midnight took his crown,
While lone he stood beside the bier,
And bowed his shining head
In silence o'er the wasted year,
So pallid, cold and dead!

Light up, O dawn, his untrod way!
O bells of gladness, ring!
Crown him with joy his happy day,
The royal new king!
O ring, till dawn and darkness flee,
Till shadow-flames are furled,
For over land and over sea
The New Year rules the world.

Long live the king! A happy reign,
A loyal realm his own;
No fields be his of glory slain,
But peace his pillared throne;
May no plague smite his heritage,
No secret foe beguile his reign;
But ever on from youth to age
May golden plenty smile!

O New Year, hailed with joy to-day,
Through all thy kingdom's span,
Work in thy reign the blessed sway
Of love that conquers man!
Leave room no more for feud and hate,
Nor place for bigot's scorn,
Nor fraud nor sham in church or state,
Be peace and good-will born.

Speed on, O Year, the time foretold
By bard and minstrel song;
Lead on the coming age of gold,
And give its praise a tongue;
So shall dissension's voice be still'd,
While strife and malice flee,
And earth's green hills and vales be filled
With sweetest charity.

Concordville, Pa.

OUR CHILDREN.

BY REV. M. TRAFTON, D. D.

"Thus it is our children leave us."

I recently met an old parishioner of mine, of the time of long ago, and of course our conversation ran into the "lang syne," and gradually drifted on to the present, going briefly over the changes evolved by the rapid rush of forty years. Time had — and not lightly — touched us both, and our families came in for a share in our chat. I remembered his little flock, and he recalled mine. "Where are they?" was a natural inquiry. Some of each flock are under the turf; others grown to maturity. "Are your children in the church?" was my query; and he replied, "Yes, in the Episcopal Church." "How is this?" I asked, remembering the old Methodist stock from which he had sprung, the old father one of the original band of Methodists in his native town, who elected to go with the Methodists when it cost something to make such a choice, and required nerve and will to breast such a tempest of scorn and derision. "Well," he said, "when our children grew up, they inclined to the Church, and as we did not like a division in the family, my wife and I concluded to go with them."

We parted, he to his business, and I to my musings, which I jot down for the benefit of others who may read this paper.

Now, in this typical case, there was no change of faith in the fundamental doctrines of the church of their early choice hinted at, even. I can conceive of such a change of views, and admit it to be justifiable ground of a change of church relation; but in scores of such changes

which have fallen under my observation in my ministerial life, no such change was put forward as a reason for leaving the mother church. Could we get at the true inwardness of this step, we should find caprice, a love of change, and pride. Some other church promises better society, more promising business facilities, less personal sacrifice, pleasure, worldly indulgence. It is the old garden plea: "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of the fruit of that tree?" Why, then, hath He given thee the desire, if it is not to be gratified? "The church is too exacting; such self-denial is not necessary," etc., and so off they go for greater latitude and so-called liberty.

Now, evidently there is something wrong in the primary education of such children. Is it not true that scores of the children of Methodist parents know no more of Methodism, of its history, doctrines, polity and status than a horse knows of mathematics? How can they know, under the circumstances of their bringing up? They seldom hear a sermon from the pastor; they see no Methodist publication. You can go into a hundred Methodist families, and find in from fifty to seventy-five no Methodist paper or other publications. You will find some "Sunday papers" — only Sunday because published on that day — or "Josh Billings' Almanac," or the "Pirate's Own Book" — only these and nothing more. With such sinful neglect, what can be expected but that the children will stray from home?

We gather into our churches all the varieties of humanity to be found on earth — men of intelligence and of ignorance, of good breeding and ill, of taste and culture and the vitiated and degraded, rich and poor. The church is a hospital for the sick and a training-school for the ignorant and uncultivated. Some succeed, while others fail and fall back into former habits and associations. Now take a man who never thought anything of himself, and was thought nothing of by any one else. He takes on, under a high excitement, a Christian profession, joins the church, and under instruction makes considerable improvement. He is by and by appointed to a stewardship or leadership, and by attention to business accumulates money. He begins to feel that he is a pillar in the edifice; he is by nature self-willed and obstinate, and insists on having his own way. Rule or ruin, is his motto.

In meetings of the official board he is first and last; his measures are the measures upon which the salvation of the church depends, and, if not gratified, he flies into a passion, and abuses those he cannot control. Now at the breakfast-table, having "nursed his wrath to keep it warm" through the night, he pours out his anger, hot as his coffee, upon minister and members, in the presence of his listening children, and goes over all the proceedings of the board the night previous. The minister is a tyrant and the members hypocrites; the church is backslidden and rotten to the core. Then he "has prayers" and goes to his business.

Now, is it strange that these children, thus educated, are prejudiced against the church, and soon drift away? From such a growler they hear nothing that tends to create an attachment to the church, but rather repelled and wander away.

Or it may chance that this child did not secure the pastor he thought the man for this church, and now his wrath is hot against the bishop and elders. "Tyrants, lords it over God's heritage, popes and Jesuits," are some of his fine epithets which he pours into his children's ears. One must be blind not to see that such a spirit and such expressions will at last bear bitter fruit. All reverence for sacred things is destroyed, and the children will inevitably be driven into some other communion or into the world. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

Sometimes even the children of a preacher have been known to leave the church of their father's choice, and go into other communions, and this without any change in their religious opinions. But if you look into this you will see that it is not without cause.

There is a class of preachers who

are hard to please, as in all churches are to be found members who possess like peculiarities — men whose appointments are never just what they want, or what they are consciously fitted to fill. Their self-esteem and ambition are far above their real ability; hence they feel that the church and the appointing powers fail to appreciate their merits. It becomes a subject of conversation at the table and around the domestic hearthstone (stove). The bishops are accused of partiality and of indifference to the preachers. The great "iron wheel" is made to revolve with the inflexibility of fate, while gory heads and hearts and limbs drop from its terrible periphery, to the consternation of the listening children. The church he had selected as his future field of labor has, for cause, declined his services, and now it comes in for a severe castigation: "Proud and aristocratic, formal and worldly." Now can we wonder that children, brought up in such an atmosphere, feel no sympathy with such a system and such a church?

Or it may be that the children of the minister are in the church, and the father and mother are old and superannuated. They have given all their lives to the service of the church, and are now poor as to money; but the church neglects them, does out to them, if anything, the merest pittance, and leaves them to suffer alone. The injustice of this is seen and felt by the children, and they become alienated in their sympathies and chilled in their affections, and stray off into some other church, only to find the same evils there.

O ye who read this short sketch, look at home! Take care what you say, and how you say it, in the hearing of the children, remembering that such seeds of doubt and disaffection find in these tender hearts a ready entrance and a congenial soil.

"THE WORLD MOVES."

BY REV. WM. BUTLER, D. D.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday I received my weekly copy of the *Friend of India*. I send it to you with its wrapper, as the facts will interest many of your readers. Here is a paper that was published in Serampore, and mailed in Calcutta on the 14th day of November, and yet was delivered to me here yesterday, the 19th of December. In other words, that paper traveled from Calcutta to this place in 35 days, including all delays for handling and connections by land and sea! To what a state of perfection have they brought methods of communication and the mail service to make such a fact possible!

But look for a moment at what this involves. From Calcutta to London and on to New York, and from there to this point, by the shortest route that can be taken (that *via* Brindisi), is about 10,810 miles. So that this paper traveled, including all landings and changes, fully 310 miles per day, or a full average of 13 miles per hour from the day it started till its long run was finished yesterday! Was anything on earth ever carried more rapidly for the distance performed?

Yet for all this service, accomplished with such expedition, the wrapper shows that the entire expense was only one anna and a half — a little over four cents. Elihu Burritt's famous hope for "an ocean penny postage" (to England) is here outdone so far as printed matter is concerned, for four times the distance is made for only double the amount he named; and it may be that equal facility for letter rates is not far behind.

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," was to be one of the features of that better day for which benighted and isolated humanity has so long waited. We have evidently reached that grand hour of the world's history when the swift messengers of international intercourse and intelligence are now performing the circuit of the globe in the brief compass of thirty days. But these all are the precursors of the coming glory when "wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times and the strength of salvation." Poor Job, in his deep sorrow, ex-

claimed, "My days are swifter than a post. They are passed away as the swift ships" (chap. 9). But how bewildered would he have been had he caught sight of those swift couriers of our nineteenth century as they rush past on their tireless way! Is there not something here that may lift our thoughts higher still for the moment? Surely, this surprising energy may feebly symbolize to us that higher and deeper service which is constantly moving around us, though our eyes are held so that we cannot yet see it. Nevertheless, how real it is and must be, as they render it to Him of whom it is said: —

"Thousands at Thy bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest."

exalted messengers, who are "all sent forth" in ministrations to "the heirs of salvation," bearing commissions of comfort and help to the sacramental host of God's elect militant here on earth, and whose highest and most glorious ones are "caused to fly swiftly" to execute the will of the Lord God Almighty for His servants here below!

Melrose, Mass., Dec. 20, 1881.

"QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT."

BY REV. ISAAC P. COOK.

John Chalmers, of Maryland, was an early, heroic, successful Methodist local preacher. His eccentricities in the pulpit were described as peculiar and personal — a man by himself. He was a noted revivalist, after the old school of the prophets, and in his secular business traveled extensively, preaching by the way as opportunity offered. Rev. Jesse Lee, in his "History of the Methodists," refers to a visit Mr. Chalmers made to Norfolk, Va., and his success in preaching the Gospel. Rev. Henry Boehm, in his "Reminiscences," describes him as a noted camp-meeting revivalist, and gives the outlines of a sermon remarkable for ingenuity preached by him with great effect.

John Chalmers had a son also named John. To distinguish him from his father, he was called "Little Jackey." At the age of seventeen years he began to preach with surprising eloquence and power, and was known as the "boy preacher." Mr. Boehm recorded the presence and preaching of the father and son at the same camp-meeting, and the results which followed.

"Jackey" Chalmers, having been admitted into the traveling connection in 1788, after several years of circuit labors was appointed, in 1794, to Warren circuit, Mass. Rev. George Roberts was presiding elder, and Wilson Lee was in charge of New London circuit. Maryland had lent for a season to New England three of her most remarkable preachers. Mr. Chalmers remained one year, and then returned to his home work.

John Chalmers also had a son named William, who subsequently occupied the old homestead beyond the outline of Baltimore city. The frame cottage had been the scene of remarkable revivals during the lifetime of his father, one of which is described by Mr. Boehm in his recollections of the General Conference for 1800.

William Chalmers had married a devoted Methodist wife. He was moral and industrious, but not religious. By nature he was pleasant, kind, and a worthy citizen. As years passed on, the writer became his son-in-law. Mr. Chalmers suffered from long, painful affliction, and died in 1845. During his illness a conversation occurred with his son-in-law, which furnishes the principal object of this article.

As nearly as memory can recall its substance, he said: "I wish to tell you how I was converted to Christ, that you may make it known for the good of others. I was moral, free from all bad habits, but was not religious. My devoted wife talked with me and prayed to God for my conversion. On a certain Sabbath evening I went with my wife to the tea-table. After being seated, I noticed something under my plate which my wife had placed there. I took it up, and it proved to be a tract — 'Quench not the Spirit.' I read and re-read the warning words, and the little tract continued to

preach to me. I left the table without my meal, went to my chamber, fell on my knees, and earnestly prayed to God for mercy on me. In a short time my wife followed me, and inquired why I had so suddenly left the table. 'Are you sick?' I told her of my distress, and she sent for some of our praying neighbors. During the next week the little tract continued to preach, 'Quench not the Spirit.' I determined on the next Sabbath morning to go to a Methodist class-meeting, and prepared myself to do so. Knowing that a neighbor, who lived beyond me, belonged to class and was a regular attendant, I took my stand on the road-side, expecting he would soon appear. After the usual morning salutations, I inquired, 'Where are you going?' Not being ashamed of his intention, he replied: 'I am going to class; and added, 'Will you go with me?' I told him that was 'what I was waiting for.' We went in company to the city, and that was the commencement of my going to class-meetings. During the next week I was converted to God, and joined the Methodist Church. That little tract, 'Quench not the Spirit,' was the means of my awakening and conversion. Tell the people what God has done for my soul through a little tract!"

His house became, as in the times of his father, a happy resting-place for Methodist preachers. His end was peaceful, if not triumphant, and he sleeps well in Jesus Christ. The Word of God is still true: "They are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them."

EDUCATIONAL.

EAST GREENWICH SEMINARY.
It is now thirty-seven years ago, when stationed in Woonsocket, in the fall of 1844, that I visited the Seminary in East Greenwich, then under the care of Bro. Cole and his accomplished wife, and delivered a lecture. Then there was nothing but the old seminary building in our possession. At Bro. Cole's most earnest solicitation, I went home and wrote an appeal to the friends of the school in behalf of the erection of a boarding-house. That appeal, when finished, seemed to me like an inspiration; and I suppose it was. Bro. William Livesey, upon the strength of that appeal, went out and immediately collected \$5,000 for that purpose, and the large boarding-house on the hill went up, and our Conference academy was made a fixed fact.

Last week I was there again to lecture in the chapel, and the next morning, by request, I conducted prayers and made an address of considerable length to the students. I have seen not only the pupils, but also the faculties, of that school changed several times in my day; but never before have I seen so large a number of students before me, and so full of promise, as now.

Rev. F. D. Blakelee is most certainly the right man in the right place, and he is doing a great and important work in East Greenwich. As I sat in his office for several hours, I had a fine opportunity to witness the great confidence which the pupils of both sexes and of all ages repose in him, and his most admirable tact in their management. We send four students from Cottage City. If all other societies in this Conference should send in like proportion, there would be five hundred students at Greenwich.

S. W. COGGESHALL.
LASSELL SEMINARY.
Lassell Seminary at Abundant closed its first term last week by two public entertainments — one a musical rehearsal, showing the good training in this department; the other consisting of readings and recitations, music, an address, and a debate, given by one of the literary societies.

There have been fewer lectures than usual this year because the outside lectures have been unusually good. A course at the Methodist church included Beecher, Mrs. Livermore, Gilman, and others. At the opening of the term Mrs. Helen Campbell, of Washington, gave a course of familiar talks upon domestic science, and Mrs. Daniel, who takes Miss Parson's place, has begun her demonstrations in cooking. Some practice classes are also in operation in the "model kitchen," one of the summer's improvements. It has been objected — not without show of reason — that a school curriculum is naturally crowded without these "extras" of home life. If all were sure to learn them there, or even to learn their value there, no school would need them. But many people board, and even in homes homely details are somewhat out of fashion. Lassell girls are taught that nothing is better than to make happy homes, and that the material comforts of such are naturally a part of the care of those women who are blest with homes. The school makes room for such work by requiring nothing more of the mass of the pupils than to be present at the general lectures and demonstrations, which are not too frequent. Those who are allowed to experiment in cooking, dressmaking, etc., do not take the full amount of school work in other departments. No manual labor is done excepting what is necessary in order to learn the art attempted.

The new wing is full of pupils. The new library, recitation-rooms, dining-room, etc., are a great comfort. The holidays end Jan. 4th. N. C.

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, at Fort Edward, N. Y., which was destroyed by fire three years ago, was reopened recently with an attendance of 200 pupils.

Miscellaneous.

THE MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY HALF A CENTURY AGO.

BY HON. JOHN J. PERRY.

My first term as a student at the above institution, was in the fall of 1830. It was then a manual-labor school, having a mechanic's shop and farm. At this term thirty-five students worked in the shop, and ten labored on the farm. The rule adopted was, five hours' work each day for the board. This was varied in the shop somewhat, to meet the cases of boys who had become good workmen.

Rev. Stephen Lovell was president of the board of trustees, and Hon. Allen H. Cobb, of Durham, president of the board of overseers. Merritt Caldwell was principal, and John Johnston, who afterwards served many years as a professor in the Wesleyan University, was teacher in the languages. I now have before me the catalogues of that and the next spring terms. Of the twenty-four trustees who then constituted the board, Dr. E. Clark of Portland, and Hon. R. B. Dunn of Waterville, alone survive; while Rev. Eaton Shaw is the only living member of the then board of overseers. The average number of students at these terms was about one hundred males and less than a dozen females.

The forty-five students who worked in the shop and on the farm were quartered in the old four-story seminary building, whose walls were only the width of a single brick. That old building never would have stood alone twenty-four hours had it not been strongly tied together by a network of heavy timbers inside. The upper story was turned into one room and made the camping-ground for the seminary boys, where upon excursions and parties of straw they laid their weary limbs for the night. I well remember that there were "spirit" influences that occasionally set these beds "tipping," so that sometimes the boys lay upon the beds, and at other times the beds lay upon the boys.

Promptly at five o'clock each morning we were all rung out of bed, first called to prayers, then to breakfast, and then to work, in which "gymnasium" we had plenty of exercise until noon. The afternoon was for study and recitations. In the attic story were partitioned off some half dozen rustic rooms for study, which some infidel way christened "Purgatory," which classic name it ever afterwards retained. The studying out of school hours was all done in "Purgatory," or a roughly-finished school room.

These seminary boys were "none of your fools." If they hadn't genius, they had pluck and perseverance. For proof, let us look at some of the names found upon these two catalogues: Davis W. Clark, afterward distinguished as an educator, author, preacher, and bishop in the M. E. Church—a name held sacred by every Methodist; Charles Collins, the eloquent divine, the profound scholar, and the popular president in succession of two leading colleges for a long series of years; Joseph Cummings, the "solid man of massive brain," who so many years "trained the boys" at Middletown, who did so much to bring the old Wesleyan up to the rank of a first-class university, and who in his mature years has been called to preside over the leading Methodist university in the great Northwest.

Among the names of the boys who afterwards became preachers of the Gospel, I find Samuel W. Coggeshall, the heroic itinerant, who still lives to blow the gospel trumpet, and "tell how fields were won"; Asbury Caldwell, who, with a fiery zeal in the cause of his great Commander, rushed to the front ranks in the fight, and with an energy that never tired, upheld the banner of the cross until he fell a martyr to the cause and died upon the battle-field; Henry M. Blake, who successfully filled the pastorate in nearly all the leading churches in the Maine Conference, whose "silver-toned" voice and persuasive eloquence charmed the thousands who listened to his words of wisdom, and whose praise still lingers in all the churches; William H. Pillsbury, Phineas Higgins, and Lemuel Trott, long and favorably known as leading, influential members of the East Maine Conference—men of sterling worth and enviable reputation both as citizens and ministers of the Gospel. But I must stop, although my list of "reverends" is far from being exhausted, and take a hasty look at a few names outside of the clergy.

David H. Armstrong came all the way from Annapolis, N. S.—much of the way on foot—to find a manual-labor school, as he was too poor

to attend any other. I well remember "Dave," as he was familiarly called, for he was my chum. In laying our plans for the future we sometimes "built castles in the air," but in one of our conversations he remarked that "nothing short of a seat in Congress would satisfy his ambition." After leaving Kent's Hill he went West. I next heard of him as postmaster of St. Louis, and next as a U. S. Senator from Missouri. The only thing I have against my old friend, is that he sympathized with the rebels; but he "accepted the situation" so gracefully after the war, that we can shake hands across the "bloody chasm," and stand forever hereafter the sworn friends of the old flag.

Nathan Longfellow became a distinguished lawyer and judge. Henry T. Daggett adopted the same profession. Richard F. Potter was admitted to the bar, practiced a few years with success, and died young. Among the successful business men whose names appear upon these catalogues, I find Joseph H. Underwood, Dudley Haines, Calvin Whitney and Joseph A. Linscott. Other names, whose subsequent lives have made them distinguished in the professional and business world, meet my eye, but I have no room in this brief communication to notice them.

Not a trace of the old seminary building remains; not a tree in the old orchard is left to tell the story of the thieving propensities of the night-riders of those early days. The busy hum of the old workshop and the merry song of the "harvesters" have long, long ago been hushed into perpetual silence. The roll-call of the boys of fifty years ago meets with but few responses, and those who answer to their names are "old boys" now. In their imagination they now and then roll back the tide of years, revisit the scenes of their early mental toils and triumphs, and again mingle with the companions of their boyhood. But the scene soon changes. The visions of the past vanish away. Echoes from the distant shore tell of old companions safely landed at the end of the journey. Those who are left, with sails fully set, are steering for the same port, which they hope to reach when life's fitful scenes are o'er.

Portland, Me.

THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION, AND MAN'S ANTIQUITY.

BY REV. H. VINCENT.

In this world of progress, and especially in this progressive age, it is the high privilege of man to gather from whatever legitimate source may be available, all that he can of useful knowledge. The developments in different departments of learning during the present century have been more marked than could have been imagined as probable by the most credulous at its commencement. Within a few years, among the many agencies for the dissemination of truth in literature and science in this immediate vicinity, the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute has been doing a good work. The excellent president and professors have well deserved the thanks not only of their pupils, but also of the people whose privilege it has been from year to year to listen to the many able lectures and readings on various subjects.

Among the many distinguished speakers of last summer's session, no one, it is believed, has drawn together so many hearers as has Prof. Alexander Winchell. A high reputation as a public speaker had preceded him; the subjects announced were such as all might desire to hear discussed; and they were presented in a manner corresponding to the reported ability of the lecturer, if not in all cases in accordance with the views of those who had read and thought for themselves. Judging from those I heard, and the representations of persons in more frequent attendance, the reports of the lectures by a worthy young gentleman, in the *Cottage City Star*, were very correct and faithful.

While I cordially concede the ability of the Professor as a public speaker, and commend the industry with which he has gathered together so much material for his discourses, and also approve of very much that he said, I cannot endorse all. I do not intend, however, any extended review of the lectures—one would have to write a book for that—but I will remark in passing that while there were presented masses of facts, of course, and many sound arguments, there was much that was regarded as hypothetical and speculative, the originality of which, whether real or otherwise, was hardly convincing. But I took up my pen, not for controversy, but to notice very briefly some views put forth in two of the lectures—that on "Moses and Geology," and that on "The Antiquity of the Human Race."

"MOSES AND GEOLOGY."

Dr. Winchell held, as do some others, that the six days of creation were not literal days, but long periods of time. He attempted to sustain this view by citing instances wherein the word "day" is used in a different sense from that of an ordinary day of twenty-four hours. But I maintain that a literal day is the primary meaning; other applications of the term are accommodations. And it is a fair rule in all philological questions, as in Scripture exegesis, that words are to be taken in

their primary signification, unless there are connections in which they stand, or circumstances, plainly indicating a different meaning. Now here is the word used for the first time in the sacred history, repeated several times in this chapter of Genesis, without the slightest intimation in the account that anything but literal days were intended. Was this given us thus plain and simple for the common mind to understand? Or was it left for a Doctor of Laws in the fifty-ninth hundredth year after the creation of man, to come and tell us? Oh, no; the word does not mean any such thing as you suppose. Its simple orthography teaches that it means a long geological period—no one knows how long; after that account of creation it usually, but not always, means twenty-four hours! One has just as good a right to assume (if he have a theory to support) that the nine hundred and more years of the life of Adam, Seth, and others were not literal years, but geological ages. Dr. Winchell says: "The Hebrew writers did not intend to mean a day of twenty-four hours, and it would be straining Hebrew philology to so use it." Per contra: Rev. John Pye Smith, an English clergyman, who wrote upon the subject of the "Mosaic Account of the Creation and the Deluge," some forty years since, and who was a staunch geologist, held, in a reply to Professor Powell, in a volume of lectures (page 168), that "The whole therein intended to be understood as a simple, straightforward, unadorned history." He adds (page 174) that the word "day" is not often used in the "wide acceptance," "but always when the connection in any given instance makes it unquestionably manifest that a figurative sense is intended." Dr. Moses Stuart, from the year 1809 to 1849 professor of sacred literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, and acknowledged one of the best Hebrew scholars of his time, held that the account of creation as given in Genesis is a plain, literal account. Dr. L. T. Townsend regards the six days of creation as literal days, and, like J. Pye Smith, maintains that the work of Jehovah therein described was subsequent to the great geological periods which the crust of the earth reveals—some time following the glacial drift period—diluvian epoch—in which nearly the whole of the fish and fauna had been destroyed. He says: "On the fifth day, and the lower orders of the existing species of animals were created, with the possible exception of a few of the survivors of the drift, which may have remained in the seas and on the mountains of the tropics, such as the red deer, wild cat, bear, wild boar, wolf, weasel, hedgehog, mole, dormouse, field mouse, water-rat, and shrew. This class of animals might have subsisted upon tropical mountains, under the conditions imposed by the drift." Bishop Samuel Horsley, one of England's great scholars, says: "No writer of true history would mix plain matter-of-fact with allegory in one continued narrative without any intimation of a transition from one to the other. If, therefore, any part of this narrative be matter-of-fact, no part is allegorical. On the other hand, if any part be allegorical, no part is matter-of-fact, and the consequence of this will be that everything in every part of the whole narrative must be allegorical." After some further discourse in the same line, he remarks: "And thus we may ascend to the very beginning of the creation, and conclude at last that the heavens are allegorical heavens, and the earth an allegorical earth. Thus the whole history of the creation will be an allegory, of which the real subject is not disclosed; and in this absurdity the scheme of allegorizing ends."

Dr. Winchell says that "The seventh epoch, or day, is the present time, in which God is resting from His work of creating. Would not the good book have said then, 'And on the seventh day God, having ended His work which He has made, is resting on this seventh day from all His work which He has made?' Thus much for cosmogony. I waive all remarks on 'differentiation' in the lecturer's views on 'evolution,' et al.

"THE ANTIQUITY OF THE HUMAN SPECIES."

Dr. Winchell says: "Adam was the first white man." Where, in all the divine record, is that said? Or where therein is the color of his skin alluded to? Again he says: "The Bible speaks of Adam as the oldest white man of the Hebrew race." Was he the oldest of the Hebrew race any more than of all the rest of the races or nations of which the Bible gives any account? The Doctor admits that "our English version of the Bible teaches that all mankind descended from Adam; but," he avers, "the original says, not mankind, but Adamites, or descendants of Adam." Dr. Adam Clark probably understood "the original" oriental languages quite as well as Dr. Winchell. He informs us that "Adam" was not simply the name of a man, but that the word is the term representing the species in distinction from all other species of the animal creation. He gives the "original," and says: "The word 'Adam,' which we translate 'man,' is intended to designate the species of animal, as *chaito* marks the wild beasts that live in general a solitary life; *behemah*, domestic or gregarious animals; and *remes*, all kinds of reptiles, from the largest snake to the microscopic eel."

Mr. Winchell speaks of other races, four of which—the Australian or Tasmanian, the Papuan or Negrito, the Hotentot or Bushman, and the native African—were "black." We are not unaware that there are what are denominated different races; but will he say that these races named by him are not men? Yet it is declared (Acts 17: 26) that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." Dr.

W. says, "It is admitted that these lower races are not the descendants or posterity of Adam." Admitted by whom? We know not by whom but by theorists, who allege it rather, and then endeavor to make the Bible statements harmonize with it. And this class, we fear, have been influenced too much by the positions taken by those whose attachment to the Bible is not particularly marked. The lecturer thought, "pre-Adamites must have existed," because Cain, after he had killed his brother Abel, "was afraid people would kill him, so God put a mark on him that all might know who he was. Cain went to the land of Nod, married, and built a city." Does all this necessarily imply the existence of pre-Adamites? Is it known how old Cain and Abel were at the time, and that the first pair had not other children? Or that Cain's remark was not purely suppositional? Or that it was not merely prospective of the growth of the race? Quite as likely any one of these, to say the least, as that there were pre-Adamites, when all the way through Genesis he is spoken of as the first of the human race, and is so represented all down through the divine record. But he "married a wife." When? How soon? Who knows? Eve may have had daughters of whom we have no information. She had daughters as well as sons after "Seth"; she may have had them before. Adam was 130 years old when Seth was born, and he lived eight hundred years after that, and "begat sons and daughters." The "land of Nod" was "east of Eden"—probably near. In the earlier centuries, both before and long after the flood, the genealogies were traced almost entirely in the line of the male; the female was seldom, if ever, referred to by name, although it is likely that females in numbers, as compared with the males, were very much as now; and in the earliest ages, so far as we are informed, there was no prohibition of intermarriages.

But why this discussion relating to the peoples before the flood? All but Noah and his family were drowned, whatever their race. Gen. 7: 16: They "went in [into the ark] male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him [Noah], and the Lord shut him in." Verse 21: "And all flesh died that moved upon the earth." Verse 23: "And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth, and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark." If there were pre-Adamites, were they not a part of the "all flesh," and of the "every living substance"? If, then, "all flesh," "both man [for his iniquity] and cattle," "and every living substance," "were destroyed," excepting Noah and those with him in the ark, then we must look to Noah and his immediate descendants as the progenitors of all the peoples of the world since, unless there has been another creation—which I do not understand any one to assert. Our friend the lecturer was quite sure that Adam and Noah were white men, and that we (the former white folks) all came straight down from them. Well, Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japheth. The posterities of Shem and Japheth seem to be pretty well understood. But poor Ham—what of him and his? It is said: "Ham is the father of Canaan." But he had three other sons—Cush, Mizraim, and Phut. Many in the days of human slavery in this and other countries were wont to regard the condition of the enslaved colored man as a fulfillment of the divine malediction which they averred to have been pronounced upon Ham; but that curse was pronounced upon Canaan, and on him and his posterity it rested and on none other. "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." The offense was by Ham, but the punishment was inflicted upon this branch of his posterity and on none other. Josephus says (Antiquities, Book I, Chap. 7, Sect. 3): "And when Noah was made sensible of what had been done, he prayed for posterity to his other sons; but for Ham, he did not curse him, by reason of his nearness in blood, but cursed his posterity, and when the rest of them escaped that curse, God inflicted it on the children of Canaan." This curse was literally fulfilled. Canaan's descendants, in seven tribes, settled in what was afterward called by his name. When Abram went from Haran of the Chaldeans to sojourn in the promised land, it is said (Gen. 12: 6), "The Canaanite was then in the land." The subsequent subjugation of the Canaanitish tribes to Israel fulfilled the prophecy. The most of them that survived the slaughter were made slaves of their land; others under the reign of Solomon. The Israelites having been servants to the Egyptians, the Canaanites now became "the servants of servants."

But Ham had three other sons. What about them? Mizraim settled Egypt, beyond controversy. Rev. Richard Watson, whose writings are standard works, says the name "sometimes denotes the land of Egypt, sometimes him who first peopled it, and sometimes the inhabitants themselves." "But," he continues, "the natives call Egypt Chemi—that is, the land of Cham, or Ham, as it is sometimes called in Scripture (Psalm 78: 2); et al. Josephus, who lived and wrote soon after the beginning of the Christian era, says: 'The memory, also, of the Mesraites is preserved in their name; for all who inhabit that country [of Judea] call Egypt Mesraim, and the Egyptians Mesraim.' The same author says: 'Phut also was the founder of Lybia, and the inhabitants [were] Phutians, from himself.' Lybia was in that part of Africa west of Egypt.

Of Cush, the first-named son of Ham, all authorities agree that he peopled that portion of Arabia near the Red Sea, called by differing names. Josephus says: "Of the four sons of Ham, time has not at all hurt the name of Cush, for the Ethiopians over whom he reigned are even at this day, both by themselves and by all men in Asia, called Cushites." Mr. Watson says that "his first plantations were on the gulf of Persia, in that part which still bears the name of Chuzestan, and from whence they spread over India and a great part of Arabia, particularly its western part, on the coast of the Red Sea; invaded Egypt under the name of Hye-Sos, or shepherds; and thence passed, as well probably as by the Straits of Babelmandel, into Central Africa, and first peopled the countries of the south of Egypt—Numidia, Abyssinia, and parts further to the south and west." We thus see that while Cush may have been, doubtless, east, spread immense populations farther east, the descendants of these three peopled Africa, and that thus they are denominated the "black" races, varying in color and physiognomy by the long-continued influence of climate, kinds of food, and habits or manner of living—as we know men do—what Mr. Winchell calls "native Africans," and others, "sprung from other origins than from Adam and Noah," have beyond a doubt come from these three sons of Ham, with possibly some, through Tyre and Sidon, from Canaan. There have been time and changes enough. We know not Ham's complexion any more than we do that of the others. It may have been dark. Noah and his family came out of the ark in the 1657th year of the world. Since that the earth has been rolling on 4,228 years, equal, at 33 years (the average age of man) to 128 ages—time enough for all known phenomena to have transpired. Nor were these nations and races whom we regard as barbarians always what they now are. Time and deprivations have made their dark marks upon them. Egypt, as is well known, was once the cradle of the sciences and the arts, and Carthage, whether she sprung from these, or from some other branch—quite likely of Canaan—was the mighty rival of Rome. Charles Rollin, the eminent French writer, in his *Ancient History*, pays the highest tribute to these ancient seats of power. He says of Carthage that Masinissa, son of a powerful king, was sent thither for education; and that "The great Hannibal, [who] was looked upon by the best judges as the most complete general, in almost every respect, that ever the world produced, was not unacquainted with polite literature." Of Egypt he says: "Egypt was ever considered, by all the ancients, as the most renowned school for wisdom and politics, and the source from whence most arts and sciences were derived. This kingdom bestowed its noblest labors and finest arts on the improvement of mankind; and Greece was so sensible of this that its most illustrious men, as Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, and even its great legislators, Lycurgus and Solon, with many more whom it is needless to mention, traveled into Egypt to complete their studies, and draw from that fountain whatever was most rare and valuable in every kind of learning. God himself has given this kingdom a glorious testimony. When praising Moses, He says of him, that 'he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.' The story of the great Alexandrian Library and its fate are well known. Egypt, like other countries, suffered many changes by being invaded and conquered from time to time, and is far from being now what she once was. The African nations, like many others, have lost the light of the early ages of Bible history, and have been degraded. But many of their sons in this country and elsewhere are rising and showing that in native intelligence they are the peers of their 'white' brothers. May the day be hastened when by the power of the Gospel and a Christian civilization, they, with the repressed of Shem and Japheth as well, shall be restored to an emulment not now enjoyed by them!"

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

A good word about President Arthur: His first official act—appointing a day for prayer and humiliation—endeared him to the Christian community. That proclamation cast a chill upon the indelicacy and indifference of many, that cannot well be described. The popularity of the infidel Ingersoll and his cause has been on the decline ever since, and in a remarkable degree. Although he is still here, he has neither been heard from, nor lectured, since. In fact, we have been severely schooled and afflicted, and all have felt God's chastening. Scores of sermons were preached in the churches and published in the papers, which were read and studied by all, and the day of eternity alone can tell the good that may have been brought out of this great evil.

It is something to notice and admire—the department of President Arthur. The sorrow of the sickness and death of his predecessor lay heavily on his heart; and when a delegation of ministers called to see him a few days after he succeeded to the presidential office, the writer saw him shed tears, while he asked those ministers and pastors to pray for him. He is the son of an Irish Baptist minister, and his mother was the daughter of an Irish Wesleyan minister. It was only a fortnight ago that he moved to the White House, as it has been undergoing repairs since the death of President Garfield. During that time he resided in the house of Senator Jones, on Capitol Hill. The President is not a Baptist. He attends St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, where his wife and family belonged. St. John's was formerly the court church of this city, where many former Presidents attended, but for over twenty years the "President's pew" there has not been occupied until lately. Lincoln attended Dr. Gurley's Presbyterian Church on New York Avenue, Grant attended Metropolitan Church during his eight years of office, and Hayes attended Foundry. Garfield attended the little frame church on Vermont Avenue, of which he had been an active member for

Religious Items.

Mr. Lewis L. Staples, a very estimable young man, step-son of Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, died, Dec. 5, aged 21 years.

The funeral cortege of Bishop Barclay, the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, was preceded by a party of Turkish soldiers, with arms raised.

Rev. Francis A. Morrell, the oldest member of the New Jersey Conference, died last week. He was 74 years of age, and had spent fifty years in the ministry, preaching his semi-centennial sermon about three months ago.

Lieutenant-Governor Shands, of Mississippi, has been elected a delegate to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South.

Rev. M. Smith, pastor of the Free Methodist Church in Fulton, N. Y., is blind. His wife accompanies him to church at every service, occupies the pulpit with him, reads the Scriptures, and gives out and reads all the hymns.

The Old Testament Revisers have just completed their seventy-second session, and carried their second revision as far as Jeremiah 9.

Bishop Harris has been appointed by a unanimous vote of the Board of the American Bible Society to represent the Society at the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, May, 1882.

The Lutheran Almanac for 1882 reports for the United States and Canada 56 synods, 3,307 ministers, 5,851 churches, and 739,413 communicants.

Mr. Nicholson, of Lochbank, Dumfries, has left \$10,000 to Mr. Spurgeon's orphanages, as an acknowledgment of the advantages he has derived from reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons.

The English Congregational Union Fund, which is intended to be \$1,000,000, has already reached \$320,000—and only just fairly started. Dr. Hanbury is general agent of the fund.

Mr. Spurgeon, writing from Mentone, says: "I am happily resting." He expects to derive great benefit from the change.

The annual sale of the pews in the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, of which Rev. Dr. H. M. Scudder is pastor, resulted in the receipt of \$19,000 for rental, and premiums for choice of \$2,600. The salary paid to Dr. Scudder is \$8,000, and the annual expenses of the church are \$10,000 more.

The death of Dr. Adam McCall, the leader of the Livingstone Mission, is announced in a brief cable dispatch as having occurred at Madeira, Nov. 24. Mr. McCall and his three colleagues sailed in March of last year for mission work on the Congo or Livingstone river, since when encouraging reports of their progress have been from time to time received.

The large hall of the Y. M. C. A., of Portland, Me., is opened to boys every Saturday afternoon from one to five o'clock, and books, magazines, illustrated papers, stereoscopic views and games are placed at their disposal. From three to four o'clock entertainments of a literary, scientific or musical character are provided. A pledge against intoxicating liquors, tobacco and profanity is also circulated.

The *Christian Advocate* gives a valuable tabulation of the Conference collections, showing that the whole number of collections that should have been taken in the 9,858 churches of the 88 Annual Conferences is 78,864. The whole number of blanks in the statistical tables is 27,500, which is 34 per cent. of the whole.

Fifty-eight thousand pieces of stone, laid in an ancient Roman pattern, form the mosaic pavement of the apse in the new church of St. Stephen, Lynn, Mass., and the entire edifice, which was presented to the parish by the Hon. E.

R. Mudge, and consecrated recently, is designed and constructed in a style that makes it the peer, perhaps, of any church building in this country.

A benevolent society for work among women and children has recently been organized by young ladies connected with some of the most wealthy and prominent families of the Greek sect in Beirut.

Memorials of Revs. Dr. Morley Punsan and Samuel Coley are in course of preparation. The sermons, lectures, and literary remains of Dr. Punsan are being prepared by Rev. Dr. Macdonald, and the memoir of Rev. Samuel Coley by his son, Rev. Brit Coley, of Glasgow.

The late Dr. Dalrymple, who died at Baltimore, is said to have been one of the most learned men in sacred literature in Maryland. In addition to one of the largest and most valuable libraries in the State, he possessed a rare collection of manuscripts, pamphlets, coins, etc.

The Presbyterians of England are endeavoring to endow another professorship in their college in London. Fifty thousand dollars are required, and three members of the London churches have subscribed \$15,000.

A portrait of Luther, until now unknown, has been discovered in an old Leipzig church. It is stamped upon gilt leather, and bears an inscription which identifies it. It is well preserved, and is a good likeness and a work of art.

The population of Winnipeg, the most northern city on the continent, has increased from 215 in 1870 to 14,700 in 1881. Its churches, which represent all denominations, are full every Sabbath. Winnipeg is the banner church-goingly city in the land.

Dr. Laws, of the Livingstonia mission, writing from Lake Nyassa, announces that the New Testament is being translated into Chinyanja and Chitonga. These two translations are additions to the thirty-two African languages into which portions of the Bible have been rendered. The whole Bible has, as yet, been published in only eight of the many hundred languages of Africa.

Says the *Southwestern Advocate*: "At the late session of the Texas Conference of the M. E. Church, in Marshall, several of the pulpits of other denominations were occupied by our ministers. Bishop Warren and Dr. Hartzell occupied the pulpit of the Southern Methodist Church evening and morning, and Brother Foot preached in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church."

An exchange says: "The Israelites of Chicago held a mass meeting, December 4, to take the measures to provide a fund with which to relieve the necessities of Jewish refugees from Russia. There are already from seventy-five to one hundred of these refugees in the city, and they are almost entirely destitute. The plan is to distribute them, and others who may come after them, over the West, and to provide for their wants till they are able to provide for themselves. The intention is to raise from \$10,000 to \$12,000, \$2,500 were raised at the meeting, and the rest will be easily secured. The Milwaukee Jews have raised \$5,000 for the same object."

Our Book Table.

Charles Scribner's Sons continue the publication of the very neat, uniform edition of the works of the late Dr. J. G. Holroyd. The last three volumes issued are, the very popular "Mistress of the Mause," which has already been published in several forms, and still maintains a large sale; "The Jones Family," which has been published, but preserves all the characteristics of the original form in which it was published, and exhibits, perhaps, the best work of the author in his pictures of human character and—keenly genial satire; and "The Puritan's Guest," with a collection of his shorter poems.

The American Sunday-school Union makes a very pretty little holiday volume out of A YEAR OF THE PICTURE WORLD. It is intended for the youngest. The words are easy and divided in the text for little readers. The type is small, and the illustrations are very fine. Price 90 cents.

The latest issues in Harper's Franklin Square Library are, "A Guide from a Thru," by James Payn; "The Life of George Garibaldi," by J. Theodore Bent, B. A.; "Sir Christopher Wren: His Family and His Times," by Lucy Famlam; "The Question of Disarmament," by Mrs. Cashel Hoey; and "Civil Service in Great Britain; History of Abuses and Reforms Bearing upon American Politics," by Dorman B. Eaton. These are all excellent works, but published in the neat form of this series, they are all sold, except the last, for 20 cents each, and that for 25 cents.

The *Art Amateur* for January is very rich in its varied illustrations. It has ten supplemental designs. Its editorial papers are lively and vigorous. It is a fine set of illustrations from paintings of the Philadelphia Society of Artists, and full departments in decorative art. No art periodical has more steadily improved, or is more worthy of wide patronage. Published by Messrs. Marks, 23 Union Square, New York.

A genuine Bunyan memorial is the Elston edition of the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. It is just published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, in connection with Messrs. John Walker & Co., London. The peculiar feature of this edition is the wood covers of oak, taken from the Elston church at the time of the Restoration. It is finely illustrated and beautifully printed. 1 vol., 12mo, \$3.50.

The same firm publish THE DECORATIVE SISTERS, a modern ballad, by Josephine Pollard. Illustrated by Walter Satterlee. The excesses and absurdities of modern decorative art are amusingly set forth in this work. Seventeen colored illustrations show the progressive movements of two English lasses through the wonderful labyrinth of the aesthetic school, from the decoration of the middle ages to the most recent and the highest development of high art in costume and decoration. The ballad is admirably written, while the illustrations are in the happiest vein of the artist. The book will meet a wide and hearty welcome. It is a happy hit for the holidays, and a fitting gift-book at any season. 12mo, 200 pp., \$1.50.

SIX GIRLS; A Home Story, by Fanny Belle Irving. J. Q. Adams & Co., Publishers, 408 Washington Street, Boston. The book is a charming one, about girls and for girls. It is bright, sunny and inspiring, and, like "Little Women," may with profit be placed in the hand of any young lady. The book is a handsome 12mo of 455 pp. \$1.50.

III. Expository.

way. They Entered into—Simon (Peter) pernam. Jo as "the city must have n the Gospel his

Verse 30. riage, then, w this apostle. man" (Whe is a purely p Jerome and Peter's wife "ministered is, dis the m and p 1 Cor. 9: 5, 6, sealed men wife as his Her name, a na or Conco great fever" to her bed of the town and son Getick: "T Josephus, w the neighbor night in Cap Tarichæa." Tell Him of after his deat

The Sunday

FIRST QUARTER

Sunday, January 1

BY REV. W. O. H.

POWER T

I. Preliminary.

1. DATE: A. B. 28, mer, immediately after the last lesson.

2. PLACE: Cap general.

3. PARALLEL NATH Peter's wife's mother evening, Matt. 8: 14-15. The first circuit of G Matt. 4: 23-25. The Matt. 8: 2-4; Luke 5:

II. Introductory.

From the synago which had probably abrupt end by the lowed the disposse Jesus went with Simon's house. B Simon's house. The mother of P prostrated by a malarial fever for noted, and her cas to the notice of went to the st taking her by the fever with an au case obeyed "a personality." Lift moment she was Fever, pain, lam pulsed in her ve restored, she retu customed ministr Even the rumou was not sufficien lashed Capernaum the Sabbath law through the stre of the Healer lodg limit of holy th setting of the su forth from their eager steps to Si brought their sick stricken, lame, and even those hopeless cases, n And through thi in the cool of the compassionate sa His potent hand thrilling power disenthraling a willing to confes kind Him through excited, gratefu health and life.

Early the nex rose, and pass house where all place of solitud from the town But His seclusi and Him, beco followed by a to townspeople flamm. But w retreat, Peter p turn. Other t waited for His more importan tended by the first mission Galilee.

In one of its Him one day spectacle—a n was required t presence and feet. His plee fession, rather precession of fa heal, and an or willingness. Thon canst m longe was ins received even Saviour put f him, leper the pathetic, pot words, "I w went out of his feet no clea. To su cient notoriety be silent abou the Mosaic re self to the religions and man could n healing to ho everywhere, oitement that the crowds t cian, that Je to the widen forced seclus

III. Expository.

way. They Entered into—Simon (Peter) pernam. Jo as "the city must have n the Gospel his

Verse 30. riage, then, w this apostle. man" (Whe is a purely p Jerome and Peter's wife "ministered is, dis the m and p 1 Cor. 9: 5, 6, sealed men wife as his Her name, a na or Conco great fever" to her bed of the town and son Getick: "T Josephus, w the neighbor night in Cap Tarichæa." Tell Him of after his deat

CONTENTS.

Original Articles.	PAGE
The Old Year (poem).—Immigration.—The New Year (poem).—Our Children.—"The World Moves"—"Quench Not the Spirit"—Editorial.	1
The Maine Wesleyan Seminary Half-Century Ago.—The Six Days of Creation, and Man's Aniquity.—Letter from Washington. Religious Items. OUR BOOK TABLE.	2
The Sunday-School. Advertisements.	3
Editorial.	
The True Line of Battle.—The Protestant Church in Austria. EDITORIAL ITEMS. BRIEF MENTION.	4
Notes from the Churches.	
CHURCH REGISTER. Business Notices.—Advertisements.	5
The Family.	
Our Home in Heaven (poem).—A New Year's Gift.—A Friend (poem).—What Kinsmen Brought to the Fords.—ZION'S HERALD FOR FIFTY YEARS.—The Soldier in a Foreign Land (poem).—FOR YOUTH AND OLD.—The Owl and the Spider (poem).	6
Obituaries.	
Health and Food. CHURCH NEWS. COMMERCIAL. Advertisements.	7
The Week.	
CHURCH NEWS. Church Register and Marriages, etc.—Reading Notices.—Advertisements.	8

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1882.

O sinful soul, pressed down with a sense of guilt, and penitently desiring to be rid of the burden, thou art the very one for whom Christ died, just for the unjust, to bring thee to God. "Depend on Him, thou canst not fail."

The chances are, that the less a man knows of any subject, the more positively he will dogmatize upon it. The man who knows nothing but theology will very likely call the man who knows nothing but natural science an atheist; while the man who knows only natural science, will call the theologian a fool. And yet what does either of these men really know about the other? The more we know of men and things, the less inclined we shall be to dogmatize and to be hard and uncharitable in our judgment.

It is always unwise and injudicious, always obstructive of our moral welfare, to elevate the letter above the spirit of religion; for the letter often killeth, but the spirit always giveth life. It is frequently the case that the end of religion is lost through an undue zeal in magnifying the outward symbols and ordinances of religion. In sticking too earnestly for certain forms of godliness, men often fail of attaining the power of godliness.

The church prayer-meeting is the Master's trysting-place. He has made a perpetual appointment to meet His disciples there, even though they number but "two or three." That He has "bided His tryst," millions of saints in heaven and on earth could testify. Thousands of lean, luke-warm disciples are also witnesses, not of His presence there, for they do not usually visit it, but of the spiritual losses suffered by those who willfully neglect to meet Him in that hallowed spot. It is a rare thing to hear a conscientious attendant at prayer-meeting complain of "leanness."

Why should a Christian fear to die? Before life and immortality were brought to light by the Christ, "death was terrible even to holy men," because it was a mysterious cloud-land which the eye of their little faith could not penetrate. But when Christ rose from the grave, He robbed death of its terrors—abolished it, in fact. Now His disciples no longer fear death. Rather, they anticipate it with delight, knowing "that by dying they do not perish, but live, and by the resurrection are made immortal." With the dying Prince Frederick, every believer can say to his friends, "I have lived long enough on earth for you. I must now go live for myself in heaven forever." There may be, there is, pain in dying, but there is bliss also; and the pain is swallowed up by the bliss. "O death, where is thy sting?"

There is a terrible force in the metaphors with which the consequences of "casting away the law of the Lord" are described in Holy Writ. If thou, O reader, shouldst be about to reject that law as the guide of thy life, remember this, God has said of all who are guilty of that folly, that "as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust." That this language is not mere rhetoric, but awful truth, is witnessed in the fate of many living men who, when obedient to the law of the Lord, were respected, admired, loved; but having forsaken it, their moral rottenness disgusts all eyes, and their once honorable reputation is a blossom gone up "as dust."

The Christ, though glorified and invested with kingly authority over the universe, is still our Elder Brother, the first-born among many brethren, as Paul designates Him. This is a very precious conception of our Lord's relation to us in our earthly condition. It reminds us that "He passed through life and human death, bearing all our burdens, connected with every individual of the race, not only by a bond of love, but a bond of relation, of brotherhood—a bond which never can be broken." Fear not, therefore, O tired soul, to commit thyself into His hands!

Though infinite, He is thy Brother! Cast all thy care upon Him. He will surely save thee and lift thee up to His glory, to which in virtue of thy sonship and brotherhood thou art a co-heir. "If children then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." And He who made thee His heir has also undertaken to be thy Protector and Guardian. Therefore, be not afraid!

The man who treats God's Word with contemptuous neglect, and then objects to it as a book of no power over the human conscience, resembles one who, after closing all the blinds of his house and retiring to an inner room, complains that the sun does not shine. The Bible appeals to a man's understanding regarding him, not as an automaton to be mechanically moved, but as a rational creature to be persuaded by reasons addressed to his mind, his conscience, his affections, his will. Hence it must be studied before its effects are felt. And when it is studied with fidelity and candor, it demonstrates its divinity by the tumult it awakens in the conscience. It causes its student to feel as did Bishop Boone's Chinese teacher who, while assisting him to translate the Scriptures, rushed into his study one day exclaiming, "Whoever made that book, made me; it knows all that is in my heart. It tells me what no one else except God can know about me. Whoever made me, wrote that book!" In this case the Bible proved itself "quick and powerful," as it will also do in all who will thoughtfully read it. Does the reader doubt? Let him read the New Testament with a desire to find the living Christ in its truths, and before he finishes his task, his doubts will vanish into thin air. He will say of it, "Surely, this is God's Word!"

THE TRUE LINE OF BATTLE.

Capt. Robert C. Adams, a son of the late Dr. Nehemiah Adams, himself for many years a pronounced Christian believer, and a remarkably successful laborer on board the ships he commanded, securing in some voyages the conversion of all his officers and crew, finally becomes dissatisfied with the interpretation of the Scriptures which he had been taught in his childhood, and accepts that of the Plymouth Brethren. Led by these instructions to find the Bible, as he affirms, self-contradictory, the character of God abhorrent to his moral sense, the teachings of revealed religion diametrically opposite to those of modern science, the influence of Christianity upon the masses in commercial cities no better than, if as good as, that of the enlightened heathenism of China and India, he deliberately renounces it, believes morally to be utterly independent of religion, and has emancipated himself, he says, from all the terrors with which it has filled the life to come, if there be such a state of existence. He sees no positive proof of an immortal life or of a personal God, and now wants "to live to enjoy what nature, art and civilization supply."

Such sentiments, calmly written to "orthodox friends," in very courteous and apparently sincere sentences, in view of his early instruction, his personal profession and remarkable evangelical labors, very naturally not only occasion grief among those who know him familiarly, but make a strong impression upon young persons, whose faith in the Gospel has not been confirmed by a satisfactory examination of its proofs, or who have not, in the enjoyment of what may be called the unanswerable testimony of a present personal experience of its renewing grace, been effectually defended from fatal doubt. Capt. Adams, indeed, once enjoyed this, but his letter clearly shows how, by the errors into which he fell, his wanderings away from the means of grace, his quenching of the Spirit by voluntarily yielding to attacks upon Christianity and trampling upon the convictions of his own heart, he utterly destroyed the only absolutely convincing evidence of the supernatural nature of revealed religion.

We do not propose to consider the possible tendency of the Calvinistic interpretation of the doctrines of grace upon a thoughtful mind, where the counteracting force of a true religious experience does not exist, with which he had been familiar from his childhood. Neither is it our purpose to point out the grave errors of Plymouth Brethrenism, and the unhappy direction it gives to a certain class of minds where the inner spiritual life has become weak. Nor are we inclined to remark upon the evidences of intellectual weakness, the readiness to accept new views, the illogical reasoning, and the very superficial observation of social life and conduct, both in Christian and heathen localities, exhibited in Capt. Adams' letter. Leaving all these matters, which to our mind destroy all the moral and intellectual force of the epistle, we have only one consideration to urge upon any of our readers who have been troubled in the slightest degree by the publication of this somewhat remarkable proclamation.

It is not a question at all what have been, are now, or may be, the opinions of Capt. Adams. It is not necessary for our purpose to show his errors in interpreting from Holy Script-

ure the character of God and His acts. It is not even necessary to attempt to harmonize the records of Genesis with the accepted developments of modern science. The simple question is, Is the Bible inspired? Did it in any form come from God? Does God in any way, through its pages, speak to man, proclaiming his character, his duty and his destiny? It is not in any measure important to account for the experience and history, and the present mental and moral condition of Capt. Adams. There has not been a period in the history of Christianity for nearly two centuries when there have not been apostates, and they have written stronger and more logical letters than Capt. Adams. But just here is the true line of battle. It greatly simplifies the defense of Christianity to mass its forces upon one Waterloo field. The fight lost or gained here yields or secures all the other threatened positions. If the Bible be not inspired, then we have no revealed religion. Every man is left to his own opinion. Capt. Adams can set up for himself, and so can every one of his neighbors. His opinions have no other weight than his natural abilities and opportunities give to him. But if the Bible is an inspired volume; if holy men spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; if its system of human redemption and elevation came from God; if Christ was indeed the Son of God, then the criticisms of Capt. Adams have no force. It is the opinion and dicta of one man of no more than ordinary intellectual gifts set over against a volume that has behind its human authorship an infinite Mind. As to its interpretation, men have and may still make serious mistakes. It is not necessary for all its highest purposes to secure an absolute harmony between intimations of the origin of the universe and the progress of science at any given period. Its plan of human salvation and elevation is in no wise affected by any such references to the material world. Neither does the proof of its inspiration depend upon satisfactorily adjusting all these difficulties. It is a part of the education and discipline of the race to study these problems, just as it is to read God's thoughts after Him in the material world.

We do not intend to enter upon the question of the inspiration of Scripture; we wish simply to say that no disciple of Christianity need be troubled by any such local phenomenon as the "eclipse of faith" in one or many believers. He need not permit his mind to be bewildered by any distracting suggestions of doubt; for the whole real solution lies back of all these subordinate suggestions which are by no means novel. He has but to refresh his faith with a review of the often-presented argument for the inspiration of Holy Scripture. The Bible has not been received simply by unquestioned tradition. From the time its canon was completed until the present hour, not weak men only, but the keenest intellects, have disputed its claims, and its disciples have never failed in their responses. Infidelity has shouted its triumph repeatedly over the Bible and consigned it to oblivion. But it still lives, and was never so widely received as to-day. The best scholars in natural science, the broadest minds in intellectual philosophy, students of history—the accepted teachers of the generation—as well as the tens of thousands of ministers who devote their lives to the consideration of the question, after listening to all the objections (a thousand-fold stronger than those urged by Capt. Adams), admit the claim of the Scriptures to a divine origin, and proclaim their faith in revealed religion. It is not enough for a doubter to urge his own personal opinions. Against all the force of the positive argument drawn from history, prophecy, miracle, internal evidence and the effect of inspiration upon human society, he must give satisfactory proof that the Bible is not of God. If it be of God, then there is a personal, divine Being; then there is a government and a claim of obedience upon us; then there is an immortal life; then we are sinners and need a Saviour, and there is "none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but the Jesus Christ of Holy Writ.

This was done in due season in a very careful and thorough manner, but with moderation and discretion. The commission, however, was quite coolly received; impediments were clearly put in the way of their investigations, and they could plainly read between the lines and in the countenances that their visit was not a welcome one; and it is truth to say that little profit seemed to flow from it. Now, however, we are glad to record a recent improvement in matters, and a revival of hope, which have come about in the following way: The Protestant Church in all the Austrian provinces, whether German or Slavonic, has lately celebrated its centennial of the Edict of Tolerance towards the churches of the reformers having their origin in the great work of Luther. This edict meant the abrogation of a series of the most intolerant laws that for two hundred years had shamefully oppressed the Protestant Church in these lands, and well nigh effaced it from their soil. The story of their execution is one of blood and tears. It began with the so-called "religious patents" of Ferdinand II, who, under the name of the "counter reformation," undertook the systematic destruction of Protestantism in the realm of the Hapsburgs, and the violent incorporation of all heretics into the bosom of the "alone-saving" church, in which work he was royally aided by the Jesuits of this land. Bohemia had to suffer most because it had so largely welcomed the doctrines of the Reformation, and every species of police and civil violence was brought to bear in the cruel work. The result was, that from a Protestant population of four millions, it was reduced in a short time to one of simply six hundred thousand; the others had, at least to all external appearance, accepted the Catholic faith. The same fierce treatment was accorded to Moravia, whose nobles had largely accepted the tenets of Luther, and who were violently driven into exile while their rich estates were confiscated for the benefit of the bishopric of Olmutz. Over thirty thousand families of Bohemia preferred exile to the denial of the true Gospel. Bohemia and Moravia were thus impoverished in morality, intelligence and material wealth; entire branches of industry ceased, and popular intelligence found its grave.

But this extermination was only apparent in many instances, for great numbers of the poorer Protestant families withdrew to distant and isolated districts, where they were not so closely under the eyes of the Catholic Church, and there in secret studied their Bibles, prayer-books and catechisms, and sang the hymns of Luther, thus transmitting the evangelical Gospel from generation to generation. They constructed in their homes, barns and cellars, secret receptacles for these precious books, so that these might elude the search of the police; and in many a Protestant family of to-day their dearest relics of the past are these stained and much-worn books that have passed for so many years from hand to hand. This opposition and persecution continued through varying phases and under different sovereigns down to the period of Maria Theresa. She herself, liberal in many things, was bound hand and foot to the Catholic Church; but her son, the Crown Prince Joseph, was ready to do what he could to favor liberality in faith, and made his influence felt in this direction during his mother's life. Scarcely had he, as Joseph II, taken his seat on his throne, when he issued—now a hundred years ago—his famous Edict of Tolerance, which was as important a measure for the Protestantism of Austria as was the Edict of Nantes for France. This great concession gave new hope to all Protestant communities, and within a single year they grew with marvelous rapidity. In 1782 seven new Protestant parishes were formed in Silesia, eight in Carinthia, two in Styria, ten in Upper Austria, and in Bohemia thirty-two. And still these religious privileges were so meagre that they now look to us like tyrannical oppression, and after Joseph's death they were largely curtailed, so that the Protestant religion has not died during all these years, but has led a very sad and painful life, even under the revival of religious liberalism of Europe during the last decade.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN AUSTRIA.

Our readers will remember that at the last reunion of the Evangelical Alliance at Basel, in Switzerland, the persecutions and sufferings of Protestants throughout Austria were vividly brought to the attention of that body, and that after due investigation of the case, it was resolved to appoint a commission to confer with the Austrian authorities and deliver to them an earnest appeal from the Alliance for tolerance and kindness towards this oppressed people.

This was done in due season in a very careful and thorough manner, but with moderation and discretion. The commission, however, was quite coolly received; impediments were clearly put in the way of their investigations, and they could plainly read between the lines and in the countenances that their visit was not a welcome one; and it is truth to say that little profit seemed to flow from it. Now, however, we are glad to record a recent improvement in matters, and a revival of hope, which have come about in the following way: The Protestant Church in all the Austrian provinces, whether German or Slavonic, has lately celebrated its centennial of the Edict of Tolerance towards the churches of the reformers having their origin in the great work of Luther. This edict meant the abrogation of a series of the most intolerant laws that for two hundred years had shamefully oppressed the Protestant Church in these lands, and well nigh effaced it from their soil. The story of their execution is one of blood and tears. It began with the so-called "religious patents" of Ferdinand II, who, under the name of the "counter reformation," undertook the systematic destruction of Protestantism in the realm of the Hapsburgs, and the violent incorporation of all heretics into the bosom of the "alone-saving" church, in which work he was royally aided by the Jesuits of this land.

Bohemia had to suffer most because it had so largely welcomed the doctrines of the Reformation, and every species of police and civil violence was brought to bear in the cruel work. The result was, that from a Protestant population of four millions, it was reduced in a short time to one of simply six hundred thousand; the others had, at least to all external appearance, accepted the Catholic faith. The same fierce treatment was accorded to Moravia, whose nobles had largely accepted the tenets of Luther, and who were violently driven into exile while their rich estates were confiscated for the benefit of the bishopric of Olmutz. Over thirty thousand families of Bohemia preferred exile to the denial of the true Gospel. Bohemia and Moravia were thus impoverished in morality, intelligence and material wealth; entire branches of industry ceased, and popular intelligence found its grave.

But this extermination was only apparent in many instances, for great numbers of the poorer Protestant families withdrew to distant and isolated districts, where they were not so closely under the eyes of the Catholic Church, and there in secret studied their Bibles, prayer-books and catechisms, and sang the hymns of Luther, thus transmitting the evangelical Gospel from generation to generation. They constructed in their homes, barns and cellars, secret receptacles for these precious books, so that these might elude the search of the police; and in many a Protestant family of to-day their dearest relics of the past are these stained and much-worn books that have passed for so many years from hand to hand. This opposition and persecution continued through varying phases and under different sovereigns down to the period of Maria Theresa. She herself, liberal in many things, was bound hand and foot to the Catholic Church; but her son, the Crown Prince Joseph, was ready to do what he could to favor liberality in faith, and made his influence felt in this direction during his mother's life. Scarcely had he, as Joseph II, taken his seat on his throne, when he issued—now a hundred years ago—his famous Edict of Tolerance, which was as important a measure for the Protestantism of Austria as was the Edict of Nantes for France. This great concession gave new hope to all Protestant communities, and within a single year they grew with marvelous rapidity. In 1782 seven new Protestant parishes were formed in Silesia, eight in Carinthia, two in Styria, ten in Upper Austria, and in Bohemia thirty-two. And still these religious privileges were so meagre that they now look to us like tyrannical oppression, and after Joseph's death they were largely curtailed, so that the Protestant religion has not died during all these years, but has led a very sad and painful life, even under the revival of religious liberalism of Europe during the last decade.

The evangelical faith of Luther could scarcely have lived at all during the last fifty years had it not been for the generous aid frequently given by the combined Protestant churches of Germany, which have yearly sent quite generous sums for the support of pastors, the construction of churches and school-houses, and the pay of teachers; for the tolerance of Austria never went so far as to release these Protestant Christians from paying all tithes and taxes to the mother church and her priests. Thus these poor

people have had a double burden to bear, that has kept them crushed to the earth. Teachers and ministers were fortunate if they could secure a shelter for their families and the poor pay of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars per year. The work of the Alliance has succeeded in calling the attention of Protestant Germany more decidedly than ever to their needs and sufferings, and assisted them in preparing for a jubilee of the evangelical church of Austria to celebrate the noble edict of Joseph. This large-hearted sovereign still lives in the hearts of his people more than any ruler of the house of Hapsburg for ages, and liberal Austrians revere his name and are glad of an opportunity to do it honor. This jubilee occasion brought them and the Protestants of the realm as such more closely together than ever before, and thus their cause and their claims have been heard at home and abroad. Their courage has revived, and their prospects are much brighter for the future.

Editorial Items.

The Boston Wesleyan University Club had its annual dinner at the Revere House on Wednesday evening, Dec. 28. Coming in the midst of holiday week and falling upon a stormy evening, the attendance was small as compared with former meetings in the same place. The condition of the health of Dr. William Rice, president of the Club, forbade his presence on the occasion. President Beach was also unable to visit the city at the time. The faculty, however, were well represented by Prof. Harrington and Crawford. In the absence of President Rice, Rev. G. S. Chadbourne presided during the evening. A fine dinner was prepared and served in the best style; Dr. L. Crowell acting as chaplain at the table. The speaking was preluded and interlarded by familiar college songs, which were rendered with good effect, led by Rev. W. I. Haven. President Chadbourne made a graceful and forcible opening speech, and introduced Prof. A. S. Roe, of the Worcester High School, as the toast-master of the evening. The Professor showed a very happy adaptation to his delicate office, and in excellent humor called up the different speakers. Prof. Harrington referred pleasantly to the changes in material and personal matters which had occurred since his own graduation, and the encouraging condition, every way, of the college at the present time. The faculty had grown from a personnel of eight to twenty, and the institution from humble buildings to a magnificent suite; and a noble endowment fund had been secured, especially by the unprecedented liberality of a Christian banker. Prof. Crawford referred to the improved modes of instruction in college at the present time. Dr. Clark happily responded for the ministerial graduates of the University, Rev. W. I. Haven for the younger sons of Alma Mater, and Dr. Talbot for the famous class of '43.

The officers chosen for the ensuing year were: President, B. K. Peirce; Vice-presidents, Abraham Avery, esq., and Hon. R. C. Pittman; Secretary, Charles F. Rice; Treasurer, W. I. Haven.

The plan for a Centennial Conference of all the Methodist families of this continent meets with general favor. It will be attended with comparatively small expense. It can admit of a less restricted programme; it may secure certain more pronounced practical results. It might be made a great spiritual inspiration as well as a fresh and happy occasion for the development of true Christian fraternity and co-operation. A sincere desire seems to have been developed at London for Christian if not organic unity among the Methodist families. Such a gathering as the one proposed gives a pronounced impulse to the great reforms of the day, and quickens the spirit of the laborers in the broad common field. There have been several unmistakable evidences already developed in this country that the fraternal expressions of the Ecumenical Council in England, last September, were not formal or frigid. We trust the movement for the Centennial Conference will soon take on some positive, practical form.

We referred a week since to the measures taken by certain officers of the Connecticut auxiliary to the American Bible Society to poison the minds of the community against the parent society and its management. The vitality of this movement has been chiefly inspired by the secretary of the Connecticut Society, formerly a paid agent of the National Society, but dropped because his agency was esteemed to be an unacquired and unnecessary expense. Hence his active efforts to withdraw the patronage of the State from the Society to the State Society of which he is now the agent. The final separation of the Connecticut from the National Society was consummated at a meeting held in Hartford, Nov. 7. Immediately upon the public announcement of the action of the executive committee, the president of the Connecticut branch, Dr. Charles Ray Palmer, of Bridgeport, Conn., son of Dr. Ray Palmer, sent in his resignation, as being entirely out of sympathy with the action of the committee in its attack upon the National Society. Rev. I. J. Lansing, of Stamford, a vice-president and member of the executive committee, sent in his resignation and protest. The representative member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Dr. Horatio N. Powers, vice-president, also united in the same withdrawal and expression of disapprobation.

Rev. G. L. Thompson, pastor of the First M. E. Church, Hartford, who has been upon the executive committee of the Conn. Society for nearly two years, and has had his eyes thoroughly opened to the object and intended outcome of this movement, inspired and brought to its consummation by Secretary Gilbert, upon the final action, sent in the following manly letter of resignation:—

REV. W. J. GILBERT, Secretary of Connecticut Bible Society. DEAR SIR: Your call for a meeting of the executive committee is just at hand, and I use this opportunity to send through you to the chairman my resignation. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from the adjournment, made it unnecessary to put it into the public press, unless the object was to prejudice and poison the public mind against the action of the committee. I have found myself so out of harmony with the course of the committee in its recent assault upon the American Bible Society, that I am impelled to this action. I do not think I should be justified in longer remaining on the committee to tacitly support that against which I vainly protested. The publication of the committee's action of Nov. 7, immediately on adjournment, by a portion of the committee, without liberty from the committee or intimation to it, is a thing against which I would now protest. The official pamphlet issued within a week from

[illegible]

The Family.

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

BY ELA C. G. PAGE.

O future home! beyond the stars
How clearly shines the light to day,
Of jasper walls and silver bars
Not far away.

Just past death's portal, swinging wide,
Lies thy fair shores, distinct and clear,
The echoes from the other side
Have reached us here.

To some rare souls at death is brought
Of thy rare towers a radiant gleam;
And we who love them too have caught
A golden beam.

No dreadful cloud o'erhangs thy light;
No hideous pang to rend and tear;
We die all painless, pass from sight,
And lo! are there.

Science can never bound that land,
Its mysteries unseen explore;
Faith lifts the veil with fearless hand,
And we adore.

Rare land! unto thy portals white
Death holds us out the golden key;
We gladly pass past earth and night
Homeward to thee.

Methuen, Mass.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY MISS F. E. WINSLOW.

"What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man, I would give him my part;
What I can I give him—give him my heart."

The words were on a Christmas card, and they had a peculiar fascination for Mabel Grosvenor. When they had first come to her from a friend on Christmas morning, she could not have said that she fairly understood their meaning. She puzzled over the quaint old English letters as they ran in and out to accommodate themselves to the design of the card, and finally she placed it among many others—Christmas and birthday cards and photographs of friends—in the lower half of the frame of the mirror which adorned the bureau in her comfortable bedroom. There were many other words among the collection well worthy of notice—choice selections from poets, mottoes of advice from eminent philosophers, loving wishes for happiness for the coming year from dear friends, sent to the girl who seemed to have everything on earth to ensure happiness; and yet among them all, as she came in and out, in gay preparations for pleasure during those Christmas holidays, these words only seemed to burn themselves into heart and brain: "Poor as I am, poor as I am."

"What can I give him, poor as I am?" Poor! Why, what girl of her acquaintance had more than she? Her feet sank at every step into rich carpets. Thick satins, furs and plushes wrapped her delicate form whenever she went out; and as to mental advantages, books and pictures surrounded her, and the best schools and masters of the great intellectual city had been employed in her behalf. And now in her dawning womanhood she stood, prepared, it seemed, for almost any sphere of life or society she might choose to enter; and yet, "poor as I am" in the presence of the Christ whom the Christmas season had been bringing nearer and nearer to her heart.

What were all these gifts? When he was in this world, the great earthly possessions of the young man who came to him were as nothing in his eyes; Herod's wealth and Caesar's power had been as dust to this simple peasant of Galilee; the learning and wisdom of the Pharisees and scribes, with their famous teachers, had been utterly rejected by him. Mabel felt that to come to him with an offering of earthly gifts—money or education only—would be worse than useless. Yes, in anything that made life worth the living, Mabel was poor, and yet there was one gift he never despised, one offering he never rejected; the poorest and the richest of the sons of men could bring this gift to him, sure of his loving acceptance of it, and of his glad appreciation of its value.

On the first day of the new year, Mabel felt that out of her poverty this one thing was hers to give, and she began the year with the words of her Christmas card transcribed into a glad personal acceptance.

"What I can I give him—give him my heart."

It was a bright Saturday afternoon of the first week in January, and a shivering girl, slight and tall, apparently about sixteen years of age, stood on the corner of Westminster Street, idly looking into the window of a book store. There was a gaunt, hard, tired look about her, young as she was; and as Mabel Grosvenor stepped up in her bright, fresh clothes, a look of positive dislike and malice came over the girl's face. It was not that the girl knew Mabel, but the evident prosperity of her appearance and bearing grated upon her; the contrast between it and her own seamy apparel becoming all the more apparent to her. As Mabel scanned a list of books in the window, the girl began to wonder how she would look in a plush sack of wine color, and a hat with two long plumes curled about it; and it was not only the looks; a girl who wore such things must have everything warm underneath, and plenty of food at home—things of which poor Ethel was very much in need.

Just then Mabel turned and looked at her, and Ethel began again to study the Christmas card she had been languidly regarding when Mabel's arrival on the scene attracted her attention. Now for the whole week Mabel had been thinking, "To give him one's heart means all—everything; all I can do and belongs to him. How can I show that I love him? What can I do to

teach other people to love him too?" And when she saw the poor girl standing by her side, she longed to help her in some way. Her poverty would perhaps be easier to bear if she knew of Jesus and felt sure she belonged to him. So hurrying into the store, Mabel purchased the card which had been of so much service to herself, and came out to find the girl still standing before the window.

"Do you like the card? Would you care to have one?" she said; and the girl, starting at being spoken to by a stranger, and half inclined to feel offended, was disarmed by the pleasant smile and kind words. They walked along together as Mabel tried to tell her in a few words what the verse on the card meant.

"Yes, I know. I went to a Sunday-school in the village we lived in before we came here," said the girl.

"How long ago was that?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, 'most a year. Mother came down here to get more work to do, and when we first came, and all went to school; and then mother got sick and couldn't sew, and I stayed at home to take care of her."

"And did she get well?" asked Mabel.

"No," said the girl, her reserve quite melted by the interest of the other; "she died in November. A woman in the same house helped us, and I stayed at home to cook and mend the boys' clothes; and then, when the money we had was all gone, I got a place to tend in a store before Christmas. Now that the holidays are over, I have no more work to do and the children can't go to school 'cause their clothes is all worn out. Jim, he is ten, and sells newspapers; and that's all we have."

Here was work for Mabel to do. She went home with the girl, and found the children huddled in bed in a room without a fire. It was easy for her, with a well-filled purse, to provide food and warmth and clothing for this young family, but it was not so easy for her to give time and thought to their needs. Many a concert and art gathering dear to her heart were given up to find time for her new and absorbing pursuits which began to grow still dearer to her. She had given her heart to Christ, and time and effort, strength and money, followed as mere accessories to the gift. For Ethel she obtained a place to take care of children during the early part of the day, so that she could return home in time to be with her brothers when school was out.

Encouraged by the real friendship of Mabel, Ethel began to grow into something of health and cheerfulness. There was no reason she could see beyond the one of pleasing the Master of whom she delighted to speak, which could have induced a girl of Mabel's position to give up time and pleasure for her good; and so, through her, Ethel learned to love Christ, something of whose character she saw reflected in her friend's life.

They were both connected with a mission school, one as teacher, the other as scholar. Mabel soon began to find Ethel a valuable assistant in bringing in the girls of her neighborhood. The young teacher gave herself to them, studied their needs, and helped them as no one had done before. Ere the year was out, she had reason to believe that some of them were leading Christian lives, and helping others to begin in a similar way.

Again the New Year came with its renewed question to Mabel, "What can I give him?" and with it the same old answer, "Son, daughter, give me thy heart." The same heart, indeed, and only that, had Mabel to give, but it was no more of a gift than when the year before she had laid it untried upon the altar of her Lord? Yes, more and richer in the lessons it had learned of love for him and work for his children; greater and more fit for an offering to him who went about doing good, in that it had acquired something of the spirit of the life-long example of him who freely gave himself to the needs of his brethren in a complete sacrifice of self.

AMENDS.

Storm is not good; but when storms pass
And clouds are fled and air grows mild,
And waves play softly on the shore,
And weary earth, her conflict o'er,
Lies like a lovely sleeping child,
We feel a joy unknown before
In tree and flower and rain-washed grass,
A new significance in sun.

Pain is not sweet, but pain is best;
His cold hand has the magic keys
Which unlock treasures to our eyes
Hidden in daily trivial things;
And common comfort, common care,
Respite from common sufferings,
The morning's task, the evening's rest
Are to us riches past all price.

Life may be hard; but when life ends,
And all the hard things are gone by,
And every care is wiped away,
And every tear is wiped away,
Breaks the clear dawn of heaven's day,
Joy shall for grief make such amends
That we shall wonder who we grieved.
—SCOTT COLLIER, in Independent.

WHAT KRIS KRINGLE BROUGHT TO THE FORDS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

CHAPTER II.

There were yet two weeks to Christmas, and one of them passed without much light upon the problem of how to make it a gala day for papa. Nearly every day Winnie went into the parlor and looked about to see what could be done by four little hands to make it gay and bright.

It was rather a dreary little room, the floor of which was covered with a faded ingrain carpet much worn in spots. There was a lounge covered with green reps, once very comfortable and tidy, but used so often as a bed when some member of the family was sick, that the springs had come to a chronic gymnastic state; a hair-cloth rocker, ragged and prickly at the edges; a card table;

and a stove, whose pipe entered a hole in the mantel board that hid a wide old chimney. There were family photographs upon the walls in walnut frames—uncles and aunts of whom Winnie knew little; a picture of "Meditation"—a female figure gazing at the moon—which had come as a premium for subscription to a weekly journal; and, better than all, over the mantel, a picture of a soldier, with a fair child seated on his knee, gazing curiously into his father's empty sleeve. The family all liked this picture, for Henry Ford had been a soldier, and had fought well and been cruelly wounded and imprisoned, of which facts both Winnie and Walter were very proud.

How to get that old stove out of the way, was one of Winnie's problems. She used to go in to see if it looked any lighter than it did the day before, and she even tried lifting at one leg with Walter at another; and then, lo! both legs pulled out and left it tilting on the floor. She would not let mother touch it, for she was not strong, and on no account must father know a word about it. Judge then of her surprise when, one morning, she opened the door for a look, and the stove was gone—legs, fireboard and all—and there was a chimney place big enough for even Santa Claus to come down. She ran to her mother, but her mother was no less surprised than herself. The stove was gone, and they found it in an outbuilding, carefully covered over with old bits of carpet to keep it from the rust.

"I tell you old Santa Claus did that," said Walter confidently to his sister; "and now that he has made a way for himself in our chimney, I wouldn't wonder if he came himself."

"On a double-runner?" asked Winnie.

"Perhaps on a double-runner—who knows?" and away went both to the garret for the fire-dogs of their grandmother's day.

"Now, what shall we do for wood?" That's the next thing, said Winnie, looking anxiously at Walter.

"You needn't think anything about the wood. I'll promise that," said Walter with a manly air.

"But how?" asked Winnie eagerly.

"Can't I help?"

And Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

Walter, who was as ready to tell as she was to hear, said that the Widow Jones, who lived alone in her little cottage on the cross street near the school-house, burned wood. "I saw the man unloading there," said Walter, "and I went in and asked her if I might cut a bit. She said she was afraid I wasn't big enough, but I told her I did it at home. Then she said she hadn't much money and couldn't pay a big price, and I told her that if she would let me cut it at night and mornings, and give me enough wood to run our fire on Christmas day, I would do it; and you see if we don't have a roarer!"

away." Then when she had gathered up a goodly quantity, he piled a few more on her arms, and no happier-hearted girl walked the street that night than Winnie Ford, laden with her Christmas greens.

And what fun it was to weave and put them up without father's knowing anything about it! They were so busy and so happy that they hardly remembered that there were to be no presents and no Christmas trees for them. Each child was intent on doing something for papa. There was the new shirt, made, every stitch of it, by Winnie's hands. The mother was knitting away for dear life on mittens and socks. Walter hoarded pennies and bought a new shaving-cup; and even little Fred must give papa a new box of blacking and a nice whisk broom for his coat. True, the mother bought these at the grocer's and they went on to the weekly bill, but her heart could not deny her little son the joy of giving something with the rest. There was a new necktie, made of a fragment of dainty silk, that the children did not know had been their mother's wedding dress. What wonder that the thin fingers trembled as she folded and sewed the necktie, questioning meanwhile if Henry would remember that he had ever seen it before.

As the day drew nearer, there seemed no end to the excitement among the little Fords. They had abandoned all hope of buying a tree, and had decided to put all the presents on the table, and after supper, when the fire was glowing and crackling, to invite the astonished father in; but when on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December—Winnie's birthday—they entered the parlor, lo! there in the chimney lay a lovely little evergreen-tree, and beside it bunches of tapers and a box of crimson and golden balls.

Who had sent it? How had it come? Mamma was as much puzzled as the children. Papa had not even a hint that a tree was wanted, yet there it was, its trunk fresh cut, its branches full of life, and looking as if waiting to be adorned. They searched the chimney, the closets, even under the rickety old lounge, for some hidden friend, but no clue was found, and the mystery added much to the excitement of the day.

The turkey came home after dark.

"See, mother, it's almost as big as Freddy! When I took it by the legs it upset down in the snow, so I turned it upside down and brought it by the neck, and now you can trace the marks of its claws half way from here to Widow Jones' house; and Freddy, who was supposed to be asleep, came running from his trundle-bed to look at the wonderful fowl. So bolsterous was his delight that Winnie coaxed him back to bed lest his little tongue should tell his father that which was plainly false.

And Henry Ford went to bed for the night during these busy days, sometimes taking his meals in silence and spending every evening away from home. He came in late, tired and sleepy, but sober. No one had mentioned Christmas to him since the night he had said he "wished to hear no more about it," and now it was Winnie's birthday, and to-night would be Christmas eve.

"Try to get home early this evening, will you not, Henry?" asked Mrs. Ford, as she followed him to the door. "Winnie is twelve years old to-night, and I am going to let the children stay up later than usual to see you."

He hesitated a moment as if in doubt, and then hastily turned his head away and passed on without a word. She did not know but that he was annoyed. Lately he had always discouraged any effort out of the ordinary routine of the home, and she had kept the children much out of his way; and now he came back without saying he would come back. Yet she would make all things ready for him. The cake should be on the table—the first cake she had ever trusted Winnie to make without help; the fire should be blazing in the parlor; the most beautiful wreath should crown the picture of the soldier with the empty sleeve; the tapers should be lighted all of a sudden, so that their beauty would linger if he came late. Every one of their little gifts should be on the tree for him, and no matter how tardy his coming, the children should be awake to greet him.

It was too busy and too happy a day for misgivings, and the mother would not cloud the anticipations of the children by her fears that, after all, the father might not come. Yet, when all was ready, and he still lingered, her heart sent up many a silent prayer. He would not give him up, yet she was almost forced to do so before his step was heard on the walk. She listened a moment in a great anguish of terror followed by sudden joy, for the tread was steady and strong. Then, hastening with her boys into the brilliantly-lighted parlor, she left her little daughter to welcome and lead him in.

It was a pretty little vision that greeted him—a fair child, with sunny eyes, clear as her mother's were before life shadowed them. She gave him a kiss, clasping his neck with an eagerness that showed the timidity she tried to hide, and cried, "O papa! I'm so glad! I was dreadfully afraid you would not come."

"But I have come, little woman," said he cheerfully, returning her embrace. "I'm a little late, because I dreamed I was invited to a birthday party, and I had to stop after work and get my hair cut and be shaved. I couldn't go to a party without being nice, could I? Now I must go and put on my Sunday suit."

"Oh, no! We want you just as you are—just any way. Don't wait to change your clothes, for I'm afraid the cake will be cold."

"Only ten minutes, child; but she heard her mother coming, and together they drew him, looking bright and handsome even in his working suit, into the cheery room.

Every taper on the tree was glowing. The fire crackled and snapped, and be-

side it on the hearth stood the urn, emitting the pleasant fragrance of coffee. The little round table was laid for supper, and Winnie's cake held the place of honor on the board. Over the mantel there stood in evergreen letters, "Happy Christmas to Papa!" and over the door was, "Welcome Home."

One gift after another seemed to smile at him as the tapers twinkled on the tree. He examined one, and another, and another. They were every one for him. Back in the corner, half hidden by the tree, stood a tall effigy of a soldier with papa's blue army overcoat about the shoulders, papa's cap on its head, and papa's musket in its hand.

"See, papa, isn't he like you? I built him all myself with the broom and the pillows," said Walter, "only—checking himself suddenly—"of course Winnie and mamma had to sew him together. You see we were afraid you wouldn't get home in time to put on your uniform, and we couldn't have a party without our soldier."

"So we put him up there," added Winnie, "to guard our Christmas tree, for it might be carried away as mysteriously as it came."

"Our soldier is the guardian, not of the Christmas tree only, but of all the home," said Mrs. Ford gently.

Her husband gave her a hurried glance. His eyes met; his were full of tears. His voice trembled, but he answered quickly, "He will be that, Mary; the home shall never lack a guardian angel."

"Thank God for that!" she whispered fervently. "If we have you to love us, how can we help being happy?" Then like people who had lost a good deal of time already, they began to be happy at once, and laughed, and talked, and cried, and ate their cake, and all examined every present as if they had never seen them before. And when the father came to the garment made for him by the hand of his little girl, he declared he could not wait—he must try it on at once. And when he ran away with it to his room, followed by shouts of laughter, his wife went after, and giving him the little silken tie, she said, "Wear this, too, Harry, for I feel as if somewhere in this hard world I had lost you, and God had given you back to me again."

He turned and folded her in his arms a moment without a word, and when she came back to the children, years of weariness and care seemed to have rolled away from her face.

It was not long before Mr. Ford was back, clad in his Sunday best, looking so handsome and manly that the children were all in a scramble to have the nearest place, when suddenly loud and repeated knocks at the door reduced them to an astonished silence.

They were not accustomed to many visitors, and three little faces peered curiously into the hall as their father opened the door, and a loud voice greeted them with, "Ford? Mr. Ford? Yes, that's the name. Mrs. Ford? Big Fords, little Fords? All right, sir! Can I come in, sir? I'm not so young as I was a hundred years ago, sir. I'm rather stiff in the joints, sir. I can't get down the chimneys quite as lively as I once could, but I can send the Christmas trees that way when I have first carried off the miserable stoves."

"Come in!" came in! shouted Mr. Ford, tired of waiting for the steady stream of words to stop; and he held the door wide for a stout, full-figured figure, that struggled in, laden with boxes and baskets, and dragging after him a beautiful sled on which were strapped almost as many parcels more.

"Pretty heavy load for a back as old as Kris Kringle's," he groaned, as he stooped to allow Mr. Ford to undo his pack. "And it all belongs here—all marked 'Ford!' Father Ford, Mother Ford, Winnie Ford, Walter Ford, Freddy Ford," he called, as he cast parcel after parcel on to sofa or table, or into the children's eager hands.

"Christmas enough here for a dozen years, I should think! Better take some of it away with me," growled the bearer with a very dry face.

